Annotations by Prof. Isaac Abendana

"Hail Mary," he says to our Mother,

False insincerity.

He steals valuables. He is not accustomed to having them given to him.

It's okay. We are not a gift. We are on loan.

↳ Reference to usury?

His name is Israel;

He says it means *boly*;

He says it means *struggle*, as Jacob with the angel.

We have that story too, I tell him.

Is a forgery theft? he asks. ☆

He does not say grace.

Cromwell tolerates him. Mary tolerates him. Our Father tolerates him.

↳ Nice allusion to prayer, ala the "Hail Mary" line. Glossing over a meaningful historical claim? did Stede Bonnet really feel this way?

Am I to tolerate him?

I have never met a Jew before.

He does not say mercy.

Mary was Your first disciple,

Before Magdalene knew her knees, our Mother put her hands on You and wept.

Did God remember to tell her? Did she know who You'd become?

Your name is Alma;

↳ You position your sister as Jesus yet reject motherhood as G-dly?

Mary says it means *mother goddess*, a contradiction of terms;

Mary says it means *virgin*, as she was when she birthed You;

[(Israel laughs at that. אנשׁ, he'll allow Mary was, but that does not mean virgin.)] ↴

He says it means *struggle*, as England with Crimea.

I cannot hear the difference.

Interesting point about Jewish vs. Christian translation of this verse. Consider exploring layers of translation too? Matthew 1:23 is quoting Isaiah 7:14. I can loan you my copy of the Septuagint, focus on the word "παρθένος". I trust your Ancient Greek is up to the task.

I am made of You-stuff:

Your smile, Your shadow.

You preceded my creation; my hands have always been saturated with Your love,

overflowing,

my constant crimson star carrying me home.
The world asks everything of me; I am always a disappointment;
You asked me for the world; I will never disavow it.
The only promises I've never broken were to You.
A question and its answer.

Make me into someone You could love enough to stay, I do not say.

He is pulled tight by stricture and tight by scripture.
A thousand laws which God abolished.
A thousand laws to abolish him.
He decrees that doubt is holy and nothing is sinful.
There is infinity on earth and nothing after.
No Hell but service to an unjust man,
No Heaven but creation in an unkind man's image,
Both signed squid-black *x*.
No reward but You.

Not really. Modern Jewish expulsion from England was completed in the 1200s via an edict by king Edward I — prior to that, we were the legal property of the king. It didn't need to be a law; nobody else had to be consulted.

Women change their family names, You tell him. For respectability.
Pirates change their family names, he tells You. For respectability.
Is this the moment I lose You?
"Cruor," You declare, is God's word for "blood."
(Bonnet does not mean *struggle*.)

Judaism is inherited matrilineally, unlike surnames. Becoming "Hands" may be less of a disowning for him than you position it being for your sister.
(On the other hand, a Jewish surname is often the only thing to survive forcible conversion.)

Allusion to Catholicism undercuts your generally Protestant theming.

Make me into someone You could love enough to take, I do not say.

P.S. Is this really how your sister chose her name?

His savior does not walk this earth. His God can be questioned.
He follows where I cannot.
Saint Thomas puts his fingers through the wounds on Christ's hands.
Is it still faith, if you can see your God?
The word has always been written:
You do not walk this earth; You sail it.

→ "Laying hands" is an act of salvation in the Christian bible, yes, but a violent act in the Jewish bible. Explore?

I lay my hands on the threshold of Your rising day.
Red blooms across the morning sky;
He says it means *struggle*, as a sailor with a storm.
I say it is Your favorite color.

Lifeblood wicked across canvas,
Flesh born anew,
An inferno's dying screams,
Rose thorns clutched in my fist,
Struggle.

I am a heart without a body,
spilling slick crimson across the floor,
hollowing myself out to let divinity inside.
Hail Mary, mother of God.

He is Hands without a body,
clutching at sights unseen,
harm unending, holding a scrap of fine fabric.
Edward's favorite color is red.

Louis,

A compelling first draft. You are strongest when meditating on speech acts, although you are at times hindered by the historicity of this piece and your verse remains clumsy.

If you would like to explore the more translational aspects further, visit my office – I can provide you with advance access to my Latin translation of the Mishnah, if that is of interest to you, alongside of course fluency in Latin, Spanish, Hebrew, &c.

My older brother is dead, not a pirate, but as you reflect, perhaps they are not as different as they might seem.

Yours,
Prof. Isaac Abendana

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Falſe inſincerity.

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It's okay. We are not a gift. We are on loan.

↳ Reference to usury?

His name is Iſrael;

He ſays it means *holy*;

He ſays it means *ſtruggle*, as Jacob with the angel.

We have that ſtory too, I tell him.

Is a forgery theft? he asks.

He does not ſay grace.

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A queſtion and its anſwer.

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